1:Layard E-5 (1914-1915) 1942
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escape these currents are unmixed with this and therefore called "white sand." On these same currents float the pieces of pumice-stone that the natives use for various purposes, including the removal of superfluous hair from their chins, while from the island of Ambrim itself is brought in canoes the hard volcanic stone from which rain-stones (see Plate XXIV, 1) are carved. The Ambrim volcano plays, moreover, a very active part in beliefs concerning the home of the dead held in the Small Islands, whence (though Vao, the most northerly of these islets, lies forty miles away) all the dead of high rank are said to journey down the east coast of Malekula and over the ten-mile strait to Ambrim, where they climb up to the crater and there for evermore dance every night and rest sleeping by day. Rivers in fact goes so far as to suggest that the presence of volcanoes such as this and others in Melanesia may to some extent have determined the settlement of early migrants from other volcanic areas having similar beliefs.

Like all New Hebridean islands, however, apart from the smoke sometimes issuing from the crater and the accompanying dull red glow which is by no means always present, Ambrim, as well as the opposing Malekulan coast, wears the monotonous dark green mantle of bush growing right down to the water's edge, showing no sign of the life going on in the native villages which it engulfs. At most points approach is dangerous even at a distance, owing to the treacherous reefs that jut out sometimes far into the sea. On one of these, sprawling out from the Malekulan promontory of Bong-na-un near Pangkumu, there stands a giant upright coral block, which, according to the belief held in some of the Small Islands, represents the Guardian Ghost waiting to devour the ghosts of the dead unless propitiated with the gift of a pig, which in turn is the ghost of one sacrificed by surviving kinsmen at the dead man's grave.[1] It is from here that, having passed this ordeal, the dead man gathers fuel with which to light a beacon to attract the attention of the ghostly ferryman on Ambrim who will conduct him to the opposite shore, and any small pieces of driftwood or dried banana skins that may be seen floating off it are said by the natives to be his canoes.

After this, the heavy coastline continues unrelieved by islands till a long low promontory stretching out into the sea encloses a wide mangrove shark-infested swamp behind which, in the low foothills, are said to live sorcerers called Ghamba Lep,[2] capable of flight and of assuming the shape of snakes and other things and of so harming the dwellers of the mainland villages.

[1] This is the belief held in Atchin and Wala which contrasts with the Vao belief (see p. 13) that the Guardian Ghost is met with in the cave. For further information on this see pp. 227, 233.

[2] See p. 238.

2: Layard E-5 (1914-1915) 1936
OO12 Malekula OO12
Small Islands

178 their quarrelsomeness among themselves. This characteristic is undeniable,[1]
178 but was mitigated before the coming of the white man by the fact that, living
178 in dense bush and being but poor shots with bows and arrows, the amount of
726 life sacrificed in the course of their wars was very small. Wars would drag on for months without a death. With the advent of the shot-gun matters however suddenly changed. What had before been little more than semi-ritual quarrels assumed quite different dimensions, and the coastal peoples, who were the first to obtain firearms, slaughtered their enemies without mercy. The old rule that wars could not cease till the number of dead, rarely more than one or two, was equal on both sides (this alone showing its ritual nature) no longer held when these were multiplied by tens, and war then came to mean the extermination of entire villages. In this way the people of Atchin had themselves assisted in the complete extermination of entire mainland communities, so that where before the white man's arrival there were flourishing villages was now waste bush. In this way almost the entire population of the semi-coastal villages of north-east Malekula, as well as large sections of the population of Atchin itself, had been destroyed, so that the numbers even on this island had been reduced from what are said to have totalled something in the neighbourhood of 1000 to, at the time of my visit, 401. This had made the natives of Atchin think, and their constant cry was, contrary to the opinion of most white men, "How can we combine to save ourselves?"

178 One method they adopted was, after the expulsion of the last trader, to
293 allow no alcohol on the island. Though passionately fond of drink when they could get it, they had seen enough of its effects and had themselves evolved such a strong public opinion on the subject that no drink was allowed on the island, though it is true that rare passing cutters reaped a brief reward from some of the younger men.

178 In matters concerning their own culture there was an increasing disapproval
754 of sorcery. How far this was due to the influence of the white man it is difficult to say. It is however a fact that on all the small islands sorcerers, or suspected sorcerers, were finding life considerably less easy than formerly, as the number of refugee sorcerers on Atchin alone showed.

178 More important, more concrete than these however was their determina-
796 tion to rebuild and reinforce the best elements in their own culture through the performance, ever more magnificently, of the *Maki* rite. One man, almost alone of the decimated Atchin village of Emil Marur, who had spent years on white men's plantations and at the end had been tricked of all his earnings, was busy during the whole of my stay carving the ten images needed for the rite and by intensive garden work and the rearing of pigs and the re-learning of the details of ritual from the older men, preparing for its performance in order to rehabilitate his and his kinsmen's spiritual and, through them, material fortunes. This man was Mari, who, in the clash with the government mentioned above, was in danger of being taken to prison in Vila for an imagined offence.

A similar case was that of Mataru on Vao, this time an erstwhile convert,

[1] The element of fear, though considerable, was never so great in the island populations as among the Big Nambas, owing to the comparative safety afforded by the sea and the greater breadth of outlook gained through trade with other islands.

3: Harrisson N-5 (1934-1935) 1936
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Atchin

chief's daughter has been given up for years, Atchin contradicts his theory in fact. Baker I think underestimates the vanity of the native.

The Atchinese are among the very few peoples friendly to the administration, and they now appeal at once for peaceful settlements to all disputes. In the old days they gave a lot of trouble, but living on a small island they found a warship was more significant to them than to the bushmen. War is no more, abortion uncommon; the older men consciously want the place to grow; and grow it does. Thus it was the Atchinese who drew my attention to the exorbitantly high pig payments demanded as bride price all over the area in recent years; with their support I was able to lôwer the price by 80 per cent., back to pre-white level, thus enabling young men to marry with only normal difficulty. Similarly these folk like European medicines for introduced diseases, but use their own for the endemic ones. Their pig transactions and graded-society (*Maki*) rites have been modified; some things have been taken away, others added, both from white and black sources. Atchin dances are second only to those of Matanavat; they are kept up with exactitude and enthusiasm; also with new and often spontaneous variations in one type of the *na-leng*, the highest manifestation of Hebridean art and living. Sorcery and poison are no longer tolerated; the Atchinese are bitter against the adjacent island Vao for continuing these practices—bitter, but not disbelieving. Magic is not now important; old legends and stories, in which these people excel, are a part of daily life and juvenile instruction; the same myths collected by Layard and myself in 1914 and 1935 respectively agree perfectly, there has been no deterioration. The old burial rites and beliefs survive unimpaired.

In general the old customs that are savage or anti-social under modern conditions have disappeared, while those with business, religious, health, or play value have survived, even expanded. It is in this Europeanized heathenism, this intelligently primitive and adaptive but obstinate outlook, that the ancient Melanesian culture is most likely and able to survive. On Atchin to-day every village has its great drums, in lovely dancing glades, dolmens, carved human and bird effigies; a little distance away behind a native-style stone wall is a cluster of palm houses kept clean; at one corner perhaps a cement and iron house, the men's lodge, pride of the place. The women have more status, charm, freedom, and gaiety than elsewhere in the area.

I found the Atchinese charming people—and charm is a word I seldom think of applying to a Melanesian. They are thoroughly independent and sophisticated, combining Melanesian business ability with a more Polynesian intelligence and grace to direct it. The planters and missionaries have no good word to say for Atchin, which is an indication. Few tribes have had the good luck and intelligence to use the white man's things for their own advantage, in harmony with their own culture. I believe that what the Hebridean needs most to-day is guidance in this direction associated with simple medical aid. New education, religion and outlet are unnecessary and inadvisable now, and perhaps for some time to come. A few sympathetic men and women, without undue prejudice, could with a little money and many medicines work wonders. Atchin might well serve as a model in cultural adaptation. It